Hospital

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Hospital

by sourweather

Summary

One word prompt: Hospital

Nigel has to deal with Adam's brother while Adam's in the hospital. Only problem is, Adam's brother hates Nigel.

Notes

eee idk these are so fun. I spent a little longer on today's warmup because... well because I was doing research about appendicitis mainly but hey

thanks SO MUCH to my lovely friend Sarah for the word!

See the end of the work for more notes

“What’s up, angel?”

“He lets you call him that?”

Nigel frowns, pulling his phone away from his ear. Checks the contact name. ‘Gorgeous’.

“Who the fuck is this and why do you have my boyfriend’s fucking phone?”

The voice on the other end of the line groans. “It’s Will. I figured Adam would want me to call you, so I took his phone. He’s been using ‘1961’ as his passcode for the past twenty-five years, it wasn’t exactly rocket science.”

The explanation only makes him more confused. Adam’s brother lives in Virginia, doesn’t he? Why the fuck is he in New York?

“Listen, don’t freak out but Adam’s in the hospital.”

His heart stops. He shifts lanes abruptly, pissing off the driver behind him. He doesn’t give a shit, he’s too busy figuring out the quickest route to the hospital.

Nigel knows that Adam hasn’t been feeling well, recently. He’s been doting over the poor thing every minute he’s not working. But he’d thought it was just a bug. His stomach hurts, he can’t eat, he’s vomiting. It sucked, but Nigel didn’t think it was serious. Now he’s kicking himself for not getting him checked out sooner.

“Is he okay? Did something happen? Can you put him on the phone?”

“Jesus, calm down, you’re giving me a fucking headache. Look, I’m taking care of everything, okay? He’s got apendicitis, they’re gonna take it out. It’s a really common procedure, he’ll be fine. I’ve already told them I’ll pay for whatever his insurance doesn’t cover. This is just a courtesy call.”

“I’m on my way.”

An irritated huff through the speaker. “I can have him call you when he wakes up,” he offers tightly.

“I said I’m on my fucking way, Will.”

“There’s really no reason for you to do that.”

Nigel grits his teeth, hangs up without another word. He’s only met Adam’s brother once, when Will flew in for the last day of passover. But that one evening was enough for Nigel to get the memo that Will really wasn’t a fan of his. It wasn’t hard to guess what Will was playing at – protective older brother scaring off the shitty, shady boyfriend. Might’ve been endearing if Will wasn’t such a fucking asshole about it.

He rolls his eyes when Nigel marches into the waiting area, making a show out of how irritated he is. “I told you that you didn’t have to come here yet,” he says, arms crossed as he sits back in a crappy chair. “It’s not gonna make them go any faster.”

Nigel bites his tongue. “Why are you here, anyway?”

“I’m Adam’s emergency contact,” he says, and his tone tacks an understood little ‘dumbass’ to the end of the sentence. "And I wasn't far out. I'm working a case in Jersey, so."

He scrubs at his jaw, looking about the room before sinking into a seat next to Will. Will tips his head back, his skull hitting the wall with a dull sound.

“So what’s happening? Have the doctors said anything to you?”

“He’s in surgery.” He checks his watch, frowning behind the lenses of his glasses. “Brought him back about ten minutes ago. That’s all I really know.”

Nigel nods, trying not to look as anxious as he feels. “Did they say how long it was gonna take? Or how long he’ll have to stay here?”

Will eyes him, brows furrowed. “My husband used to be a surgeon,” he says, a bit less harshly. “I called him after they took Adam back, he said that it’s usually pretty quick. In and out in an hour or two. But he’ll have to stay here for a couple days.”

Shit. “I’ll swing by his apartment later,” Nigel says with a sigh. “Bring him his laptop and couple of books. Might calm him down a bit. He doesn’t like sleeping in strange places.”

The other man snorts. “Yeah, I noticed,” he deadpans. “I’ve known him since he was born, I know how him better than anybody.”

“Right. Sorry. I’m just used to… explaining him, I guess. I don’t want any of the fuckers I run with to bother him, you know?”

Will chews his lip for a moment. “Hey, uh, Nigel?”

“Hm?”

“When you go to Adam’s apartment, can you find something for me?”

Will’s started bouncing one of his legs. His focus flicks around the room. Nigel can’t help but soften. Just two unlikeable assholes, stressed to death over Adam. “Sure, man. What am I looking for?”

He blows out a breath, stares at his knee. His face goes a little red. “There’s an old stuffed dog, probably in his closet somewhere. It’s got yellow fur, one of its eyes is missing. I – It’s fine if you can’t find it, but – ”

Nigel smiles, settling in for a long wait with Will. “Consider it done.”

End Notes

thanks as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops as well <3<3<3

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